A CONGRATULATORY

LETTER

FROM

One POET to ANOTHER, Pilkington

ON

The Divorcement of His WIFE.

WRITTEN ſome Years ſince, and now made Publick.

Hanc Veniam petimus, damuſque Viciſſim. HOR.

To which is annex'd,

An Humourous New BALLAD,

CALLED

The FEMALE COMBATANTS.

By B. B. K

DUBLIN:

Printed by RICHARD JAMES, in *Dame-ſtreet*, oppoſite *Sycamore-alley*. 1747.

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THE PREFACE.

THE following Pieces being ſelected from ſeveral others, written at different Times, for the Author's particular Amuſement, are here offered to the Publick, with this View, that if lik'd, he may be induced to print the reſt: if not, he will believe as all Authors in modeſty ought, who make the Publick their Judges, That they have no particular Merit to diſtinguiſh them from the Pamphlets daily written; and it were a Sin worſe than the writing of them, to add more Weight to the Preſs, already too much burthened.

If the *Poet's Letter* be not ſo well poliſh'd as perhaps the Author could have made it, 'tis in compliment to the Fair Sex, upon whom he thought

the

the Satyr began to grow too general. But they who are conversant in Writings of this Nature, will know that without such a Liberty, the Satyr would be wanting, both in Spirit and Effect.

With respect to the Ballad, he thinks himself free from any Imputation of Ill-nature, on the Score of the Ladies Raillery; since not to have made it as poignant as possible, would be derrogating from their Wit, whose Abilities in that way were allowed by all to be special.

A CON-

A CONGRATULATORY

LETTER

FROM

One Poet to Another.

WHILE you, dear Sir! from Marriage Bonds enlarg'd,
Have from your Side your faithleſs Rib diſcharg'd,
Forgive the Muſe that in officious Strain,
Welcomes your 'Scape to Liberty again;
Not even Want, the Poet's Plague, does Life
Imbitter more, than that worſe Plague, a Wife.
She is the Clog, that weighs his Fancy down,
Foe to his Peace, and Bar to his Renown;
Then grieve no more, that ſpringing from Her Shame,
There riſes with your own, a Cuckold's Name.
But rather bleſs the Crime that ſets you free,
For what are Horns, to precious Liberty?
'Twas *Phœbus* ſure, that put it in her Head,
To gain your Freedom, ſhe ſhou'd ſtain your Bed.

When

When rushing on her in a Flood of Day,
(As once he *Venus* did with *Mars* betray)
Expos'd the Harlot, naked as she lay.
Go then---and with green Garlands hang your Door,
Cull out the noblest Heifer of your Store,
Whose spreading Horns, to such a Largeness grown,
May not appear inferior to your own.
Call all your Neighbours to partake the Feast,
Then at the Altar smite the offer'd Beast,
Pluck out his Entrails---let the Fume ascend,
For now, indeed! the God has prov'd your Friend.

Thrice happy Man!---now may you roam at large
Parnassian Fields, divested of all Charge,
Taste all their Fountains, and describe at will
The flow'ry Meadow, and the murmuring Rill,
Paint in sweet Rhymes the Beauties of each Grove,
With Loves of Nymphs and Swains who in them rove,
Of Rivers sing their Smoothness, and their Force,
Sweet Themes!----but sweeter made by this Divorce.
Whether by your Direction *Clodius* led,
In false Amour, assail'd your Consort's Bed,
Or if brib'd Witness, or a Judge well fee'd,
With hir'd Voice thy Liberty decreed,
It matters not the Means by which 'twas done,
If thus for fair---so she be fairly gone.

'Gainst

'Gainſt inmate Fides no Man can plot too much,
And to her Spouſe's Coſt, each Wife is ſuch.
How many tender Husbands will you find,
That wou'd, was Juſtice deaf as well as blind,
With Steel or Poiſon their loſt Freedoms buy,
And kill their Wives with leſs Remorſe, than lie!

But you, abhorring human Blood to ſpill,
Choſe ſwearing roundly as the leſſer Ill;
And, wiſely judging Honour's but a Name,
Durſt to your Freedom ſacrifice your Fame.
What tho' the ſcoffing and misjudging Throng,
May point the Cuckold as thou go'ſt along,
Full well you know 'tis every Husband's Fate,
The Lot of All, who try the Marriage State:
Who brooks not Horns, muſt beware of Wife;
End ſure in Marriage, as is Death in Life.
If ſuch the Fruit, which bleſſed Wedlock bears,
Say then what Bait ſeduc'd you to its Snares?
Was't love of Beauty did thy Mind excite,
Or thirſt of Wealth that ſummon'd Appetite?
Bad Motives each, but of the two, the firſt,
Is from all Danger of Miſtake, the worſt.
Who weds for Beauty, ſhall too lately find
His Wife to more than to himſelf is kind;

For

For Beauty, made all Nature to enthral;
Was never meant the Right of One, but All.
If yet by Wife, you thought your Purſe to fill,
'Twas vain---but vainer in a Poet ſtill.
For Woman's Pride no Treaſure can ſupply,
And a rich Bard's become a Prodigy.
And cou'd you hope, apoſtate Son of Wit!
To 'ſcape the Curſe which Fate entails on it?
Sooner ſhall Miſers quit their Avarice,
Kings reliſh Truth, and Coxcombs take Advice,
Juſtice in Trade, and Truth in Love be known,
Than Poets ride in Coaches of their own.
Did you not well that Goſpel Text obſerve,
Which ſays no Servant can two Maſters ſerve?
Mammon and God, by no means will agree,
Who ſerves the one, muſt from the other flee:
And Wealth and Wit are Things as oppoſite
To all Agreement, as is Wrong and Right.
Uncumber'd Poets may, tho' void of Pence,
From ſev'ral Tables, ſcrape a Suſtenence;
With well-tim'd Flattery, or an hir'd Song,
Their doubtful Lives, 'twixt Hope and Fear, prolong;
But marry'd once, they muſt forbear to roam,
Stick to their Wives, and fondly ſtarve at home.
'Twas thus great *Virgil* ſpent his eaſy Life,
While greater *Homer* begg'd to feed his Wife,

Who, had but Fate the Marriage Banes forbid,
Might liv'd as happy as e'er *Maro* did.
But if nor Wealth nor Beauty thine poſſeſt,
As Fame declares, (and Fame ſhou'd know the beſt)
What was the Charm then?---Wit----(you reply)
That Charm was.---Wit! Now help me, or I die,
Ye gracious Gods!---Wit did you ſay?---I'm 'maz'd
That ever Man ſhou'd have a Mind ſo craz'd,
To fall a Woodcock to ſo vile a Snare,
And court the Thing he ought the moſt to fear.
If I muſt wed, ye Gods! and Fate's Decree
Impoſe ſo hard, ſo loath'd a Taſk on me,
Give me a Wife of Reaſon ſo bereft,
She ſcarce can tell her Right Hand from her Left;
Be ſhe as ugly as Conceit can frame,
Of Manners brutiſh, wrinkl'd, old, and lame,
And blind beſide, have Catarrh's Coughs in ſtore,
From Head to Foot but one continu'd Sore,
With every Vice my evil Stars think fit,
So ſhe be free from that worſe Vice call'd Wit.
To what End ſerv'd this Wit you did admire,
But to encreaſe her Luſt with greater Fire,
And make her with more Craft againſt yourſelf
conſpire.
Her fruitful Head no duller Thoughts reſtrain
From whiſpering, to the Man ſhe loves, her Pain,

And in one Word more Paſſion can convey,
Than all the Things a ſtupid Wife can ſay.
Add to all this the many Songs ſhe writes,
The many am'rous Billets ſhe indites,
Toils that with eaſe enſnare the gen'rous Heart,
And wound it more than *Cupid*'s ſharpeſt Dart.
Theſe, as her Fancy leads, abroad ſhe ſends,
To catch new Lovers, and procure her Ends,
And plays the Whore in ſuch a winning Stile,
As wou'd ev'n Saints to Letchery beguile.
Had but the crafty thriftleſs Jade the Grace
T' have us'd this Pow'r in getting you a Place,
Or under Licence, for the ſake of Wealth,
Pleas'd ſome rich Letcher, and not whor'd by ſtealth,
The Crime was venial; but for nought to whore,
Is what no Husband ever ſhou'd endure.
This *Floria* knows, who, happy in a Bride,
Finds all the Wants of Life thro' her ſupply'd;
Content all Night in Elbow-chair to lull,
While his Wife's Couch receives the noble Cull,
Can hear unmov'd the ſhaking of the Bed,
And hark to ev'ry bawdy Word that's ſaid;
Bleſt in his Patience, while he's ſure my Lord
Won't fail ſuch heav'nly Meekneſs to reward,
Who, when *Sol* peeps, ariſes to be gone,
Firſt ſmacks the Dame---then bids Good-morrow *John!*

Such

Such courteous Acts of hoſpitable Love,
All Fears of Strife and Jealouſy remove,
Friendſhip create, and Wealth, and firm Accord,
And make the Wife a Bleſſing to her Lord.

While ſo much Good is in the Sex confeſt,
Be it obſerv'd I ſpeak but of the beſt;
For ſome there are, whom ſhould their Lords invite
To Lewdneſs, would be virtuous out of ſpite.
Of ſuch croſs Termagants, the worſt is ſhe
Who with large Fortune brings high Quality;
Talking or mute, her Aim is ſtill to vex,
And claims by Birth a Priv'lege to perplex;
Averſe to all her Spouſe can do or ſay,
She holds no Sin ſo griev'ous as t'obey;
With ſtudy'd Care his Temper does explore,
Not with Intent to pleaſe, but fret it more.
Tormented thus! how oft has *Strephon* pray'd,
Inſtead of Miſtreſs, he had woo'd the Maid?
For this, cries he, to Love by Favour bought,
In lieu of Riches, had Obedience brought.
Alas! vain Man! Sir *William* thought as you,
Marry'd his Cook, and is a Cuckold too:
Yeilding good Proof, there is no Way to ſhun,
A ſprouting Forehead, but by wedding none.

Dull

Dull in all Things but what relates to Love,
In that alone it is they ſubtle prove.
They're call'd the gentle Sex----and pri'thee why?
Becauſe they have no Power to deny.
To Reaſon blind, they're evermore aſtray,
And fall, to the firſt Fop they meet, a Prey.
How wiſely do ſome Infidels maintain?
(Seeing their Wives could not from Luſt refrain)
That they, as Creatures of a beſtial Birth,
Deriv'd their Souls, as Bodies, from the Earth;
With them no Laws did Female Vice forbid,
But charg'd on Providence the Faults they did.
Did Antlers huge deform the Husband's Brows,
'Twas thought Misfortune in the ſuffering Spouſe;
Or when lewd Wives depriv'd their Lords of Breath,
'Twas term'd by them mere accidental Death;
Thieves and Gallants, were caſt alike for Life,
Who ſtole a Cow, or filch'd another's Wife.
Did ſuch wiſe Laws a Dread to Luſt create,
What mighty Ills wou'd 'ſcape the Marriage State?
The Scandal then, which we the Husbands call,
Wou'd with more Juſtice on the Letcher fall;
Rakes wou'd grow continent, thro' Fear at leaſt,
And Wives for want of wooing wither chaſt.
But ſince falſe Judgment and corrupted Times
Make one Man ſcorned for another's Crimes,

What

What Wretch, who knew the Cuſtoms of the Age,
To make another Sport, himſelf would cage?
But hold, you cry, *where will your Satyr end?*
Wou'd you have Men ne'er marry?---No, my Friend!
What! live unwed like Brutes?----Better, ſay I,
Than live worſe Brutes in foul Adultery.
Marriage is bleſt---I grant it---*why refus'd?*
I hate to ſee ſo bleſt a State abus'd.
You're too ſevere, all Women are not ſuch
As you deſcribe them----Grant I own as much.
How ſhall I note the few who are not ſo?
That your Diſcretion will you better ſhew.
Uſe Caution meet, and Avarice lay aſide,
You can't well fail to meet a virtuous Bride.
Let it be ſo----but hearken while I tell
What in like Caſe in former Time befel;
And leſt I'm thought with Rudeneſs to aſſail
Your rev'rend Ears, an * Aſs ſhall tell the Tale.

Where *Athens* once its lofty Turrets rais'd,
So much for Warriors, Wits and Women prais'd,
There liv'd an healthy and induſtrious Blade,
And ſtrong withal, a Cooper by his Trade;
No wild Exceſſes in Life's youthful Stage,
Had curs'd, with Impotence, his manly Age;
Strengthen'd

* *Vid.* Apuleius.

Strengthen'd by Toil, and Meals of temp'rate Food,
He ſober liv'd---and was there Man who cou'd
Give Wife Content, you'd ſwear this Fellow wou'd.
Full thirty Summers were flown o'er his Head,
And the laſt Summer ſaw him ſtill unwed.
Tir'd of this State, he now reſolves to woo,
(As you have done, or I, when mad, may do.)
But as his Trade, in Times of greateſt Scant,
When minded well, wou'd more than ſerve his Want,
No Hopes of marrying Fortune in a Bride,
His doubtful Mind 'twixt Love and Wealth divide;
Virtue was all he fought, for this he pray'd,
" Give me, ye Gods! a wife and virtuous Maid,
" One fit my Councils as my Bed to ſhare,
" Modeſt, diſcreet, and rather chaſte than fair;
" I ſeek not Fortune, 'tis a Miſer's Aim,
" Virtue, ye Gods! is all the Dow'r I claim.
So pray'd the Man, but little did he know,
He crav'd a Gift which *Jove* cou'd not beſtow.
A neighbouring Laſs, held chaſte by publick Voice,
Soon claim'd Diſtinction to his wary Choice,
And was ſhe what beſpoke her outward Mein,
She all his eager Heart cou'd hope had been;
So nicely coy, and jealous of her Fame,
Throughout all *Greece* was not a cooler Dame;

Nor

Nor do I b'lieve, as ſome lewd Authors ſay,
She crack'd her Vow upon her Wedding-day,
One Week, at leaſt, ſhe kept her Promiſe ſafe;
Hear it, ye Wives! and wonder at her Faith.
But now of home-fed Diet juſtly cloy'd,
To compaſs Change ſhe ſoon her Mind employ'd;
Nor ſought ſhe long, for caſting her bright Eyes
On a young *Spartan*, made his Heart her Prize.
What mutual Oaths of Love for e'er to laſt,
What tender Billets 'twixt theſe Lovers paſt,
Is not for us to tell; be't barely known,
Oft as the Cooper left for Work his Home,
Wou'd Spark appear, appointed to ſupply
Her Cuckold's Room with better Company.
It chanc'd one Day, in Height of their Amour,
The unſuſpecting Husband to the Door
Came thund'ring loud---A Noiſe you may ſuppoſe
But ill agreeing with the Wiſh of thoſe.
But ah! what Means will not a Woman try
To hide her Love from Spouſe's watchful Eye.
In a dark Angle, cover'd o'er with Duſt,
Stood a large Tub, in which ſhe ſtraightway thruſt
The trembling Spark. The Gallant thus ſecure,
With Looks compos'd ſhe next unlocks the Door.
The Husband ent'ring, with an hideous Peal,
Loud as when *Stentor* does the *Grecians* hale,

She thus accoſts him: " Idle Varlet, ſay!
" What Motive calls you from your Work To-day?
" Are theſe, falſe Wretch! the Promiſes you made,
" When my weak Heart to Love you firſt betray'd?
" That I, when marry'd, ſhou'd in Silks be 'ray'd,
" And ſhare in all the Joys of ſuch a Life,
" Equal with *Daphne* our rich Neighbour's Wife:
" She has her Servants, ſees what Folks ſhe pleaſe,
" And bleſt with Plenty, leads a Life of Eaſe;
" While I forlorn, heavy ſit alone,
" Or ſpin all Day, or my ſad Fate bemoan,
" And now perhaps worſe Evils do betide
" My wretched State, while led from Faith aſide,
" You now prepare to quit your Spouſes Arms,
" For a falſe Harlot's proſtituted Charms.
" Ah wretched me!——then in a ſeeming Swoon,
As if with Grief oppreſs'd ſhe toppl'd down.
The Huſband not more grieved than amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and open mouthed gaz'd:
Nor knew he which ſhou'd moſt his Wonder move,
Her ſpotleſs Virtue, or her matchleſs Love.
Then leaping quick, her from the Ground does rear,
And kiſſes from her Cheek each ſeeming Tear,
And whiſpring ſoft, as if afraid to wound
Her tender Ear-ſtrings with too harſh a Sound.

My

" My Love! my Dear! forbear this needleſs Moan,
" Nor in thy dreaded Fate involve my own.
" The Gods can witneſs, Huſband ne'er to Dame
" Burn'd with a chaſter or more conſtant Flame;
" And if To-day, beyond my former Uſe,
" I idle am, it is not what I chuſe:
" The Gods have this a Holiday decreed,
" Yet ſhall we not for that a Dinner need;
" For, as returning hither through the Street,
" It was my Chance an ancient Friend to meet,
" An honeſt Man, and Member of our Club,
" Who's ta'en a Fancy to yon mouldy Tub;
" Six Groats he bids, and as the Veſſel's old,
" I cannot think but it is bravely ſold."
Who wou'd not think that all was now betray'd?
But hear what ready Anſwer Deareſt made.
" Six Groats," (quoth ſhe) and feigning Laughter loud,
" A mighty Matter this to make you proud;
" If ſuch your Bargains, marry ceaſe to roam,
" Since I am bid, who never ſtirr'd from home,
" Full twice as much."---" *Ah where!* (the Huſband cry'd)
" *Is this ſweet Chap?*"---" Speak low (the Wife reply'd)

" Shou'd he o'erhear, he may his Word retract,
" He's in the Tub to ſee if all's compact."
The liſt'ning Gallant, mindful of his Cue,
Forth from the Veſſel ſtraight his Viſage drew;
Not graver Face could pious HENLY wear,
When from his Pulpit he mocks God in Pray'r;
And thus accoſts the Cooper---" Honeſt Friend!
" I've ſearch'd your Veſſel o'er from End to End,
" But Chinks ſo num'rous in its Sides appear,
" As do convince I've bought it much too dear."
The Huſband, eager to diſpoſe his Ware,
With Oaths--ſuch Oaths as Tradeſmen uſe to ſwear,
Atteſts its Soundneſs, and the Truth to ſhew,
Offers himſelf into the Tub to go,
Where if ſome trivial Flaws appear to Sight,
Theſe his nice Skill ſhall quickly ſet to right.
The Motion pleas'd--and now from's Wooden Caſe
The Letcher leaps, while *Jobſon* takes his Place.
Mean time the Wife, becauſe the Place was dark,
Provides a Candle, neither was the Spark
Idle, for as ſhe on the Tub reclin'd,
To give her Huſband Light.---This from behind----
But how ſhall I their naughty Sport reveal?
CLIO refuſes to aſſiſt my Tale,
Elſe had I ſung what am'rous Tricks they play'd,
While *Jobſon* buſy, minded but his Trade;

And

And how the titt'ring and compliant Dame
Still found ſome freſh Work to prolong the Game.
But theſe are Jokes, fit only to be told
By pens obſcene, whoſe Rankneſs to unfold
My Muſe diſdains----then be it ſimply ſaid,
All Sides were pleaſed, and the Man was paid,
Who, well deceived, ſpent his eaſy Life,
And thank'd the Gods, that gave ſo good a Wife.

THE
Female Combatants.
A
BALLAD.

YE Laſſes and Lads, if to liſten you'll come,
I'll ſing you what happen'd but late at a Drum,
Where two pretty Ladies, as fair as polite,
By claſhing of Wit, fell from roaſting to fight.
Derry down, &c.

Much People were preſent, and of the beſt Sort,
Such at thoſe Meetings do uſual reſort,
When thus its pert Miſtreſs, impatient to ſee
Her Tongue ſet a going, attacks her Crony.
Derry down, &c.

I vow, Mrs. *Quibble*, you look as to-day,
Beyond your own Cuſtom, unuſually gay;
Nor know I a Lady whoſe Beauty is leſs
Beholding than yours to her Painting and Dreſs.
Derry down, &c.

O, Madam!

O, Madam! that Compliment well might be ſpar'd,
Since 'tis but ſmall Credit with Paint to be ſmear'd;
But ſome have their Faces in Saffron ſo dy'd,
As the Skin is too yellow for Painting to hide.

Derry down, &c.

That, Madam, you're witty, I never did doubt,
Since from his Concerns your Spouſe you thruſt out,
And ſhe who at home can command with ſuch Skill,
Muſt needs, when abroad, have her Wits at her Will.

Derry down, &c.

The Wit I poſſeſs is but little, 'tis true,
Compar'd with th' abundance that Nature gave you:
Mine but ſlowly moves, while each ſmart Thing you ſay,
Comes eaſy from you, and as prompt as your Pay.

Derry down, &c.

My Mercer, good Man! he has Patience, 'tis true,
And hopes, 'ere he dies, to be paid what is due;
But ſome are to Juſtice ſo rigidly prone,
They'd fain pay their Debts with the Cash not their own.

Derry down, &c.

Be that as it may, yet our Plate is not drawn,
To embelliſh rare Banquets, from Brokers in pawn;
But ſome have the Art of ſo cheap being fine,
That their Gueſts ſeldom know at whoſe Coſt 'tis they dine.

Derry down, &c.

Then, Madam! if ſuch you ſuſpect of your Cheer,
You're welcome to touch of the leſs of what's here;
Nor wou'd I offend your high Stomach ſo much,
As of what's not our own, to invite you to touch.

Derry down, &c.

There, Madam! you're out of your rapartee Vein,
And begin to look red —'Twas not you I did mean;
Nor did what I ſaid need an Anſwer ſo rough;
But, by the Box in your Hand, I preſume — you take Snuff.

Derry down, &c.

This Box, Madam *Quibble!* I'd have you to know,
A royal young Lover to me did beſtow,
Who had Right by his Station, much better than you,
To know what Reſpect to a Lady was due.

Derry down, &c.

I doubt not his Parts, but am ſorely afraid,
Tho' given for nothing, you for it ſince paid;
And pray did you never, when nine Months were o'er,
Diſcover a Pain, which you ne'er felt before?
Derry down, &c.

How now, ſaucy Minx! your Diſcourſe makes me wild,
Wou'd you hint by that Sneer, that he got me with Child?
Take that, you pert Huſſy! and I do proteſt,
Were it not for thoſe preſent, I'd give you the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

Ha! a Box on the Ear! Do you think I'll take this
From one who but late was another Man's Miſs?
That I was ſo paſſive, ſhall never be ſaid.
So ſaying, ſhe flung the Cream Jug at her Head.
Derry down, &c.

And now to deſcribe all the Rage of theſe two,
The Blows they exchang'd, and the Things that they threw,
Wou'd be harder Taſk, than to ſing in high Strain,
Brave WILLIAM triumphing on *Culloden* Plain.
Derry down, &c.

Then

Then let it suffice,---that, to soften their Rage,
The Skill of all present it did much engage,
When having appeas'd them, they kiss'd and were
Friends;
And thus with the Quarrel, my Ditty too ends.

Derry down, &c.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.